TOO VIGOROUS ACTING RESULTS IN A BLACK EYE FOR GEORGIA CAYVAN.

in Incident During a Rehearenl of "The Mife" - New York to Have a Fourth Stock Company at the Lyceum-" Love's Martyr" at the Madison Square-Mrs. James Brown Potter as a Lucky Star.



IGOR is all very well when kept within lim its. An incident occurred during the rehearsal of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre the other day at which a callous outsiders may perchance smile. David Belasco, as stage manager, was hard at seemed to inspire the members of the cast, for they entered into work, and his zeal the spirit of their roles with wonderful force

for an early rehearsal. Miss Georgie Cayvan at last came upon the stage, wearing a wreath of roses, which Henry Miller, her lover, was in frenzied wrath to tear from her head. Mr. Miller was deeply interested in his part, and when Miss Cayvan saw him advancing towards her, she paled slightly. On he came, as though he were the victim of real and not mimic passion. He reached Miss Cayvan and tore from her head the wreath, but his knuckles and hand came so forcibly upon the eye of the little lady that she screamed, and called out "Oh!"

"Oh!"

"That is not in your part, Miss Cayvan," severely remarked Mr. Belasco.

The little lady, however, was in pain. Mr. Miller was profuse in his regrets and his offers of vaseline. Miss Cayvan smiled, and, as the ridiculous side of the situation struck her, she langled.

"Mr. Miller," said Mr. Belasco, "You must omit this realism for the future."

Then everyone was restored to good humor, but Miss Cayvan wears a blackened eye as a souvenir of the rehearsal.

The production of "The Wife" at the Lyceum Theatre, next Tuesday week, gives to New York a new stock company, which, with the Daly, Wallack and Palmer companies, makes a good showing for the metropolis. New York is the only city in metropolia. New York is the only city in the union with any stock companies at all, with the exception of Boston, where the Museum holds its own. David Bidwell, of New Orleans, tried to organize a stock company in that city some time ago, but he found the experiment expensive, and finally gave it up in disgust. Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, is a great believer in American plays, and, during his regime at the Madison Square Theatre, "Esmeralds" and "Hazel Kirke" were produced. "The Wife" is distinctly American. It was written to snit the members of the company, and in to suit the members of the company, and in the event of its success, after the regular sea-son in New York, it will be seen in Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.

"Love's Martyr," the first rehearsal of which will take place at the Madison Square Theatre to-day, has had a peculiar history in this city. The American rights in the play were originally purchased by Manager A. M. Palmer last year from the Franco-American Company, which controlled "Theodora" in this country. Mr. Palmer produced the play in Chicago two summers ago with his regular company, and also, later in San Francisco. The phenomenal success of "Jim the Penman" delayed the production of "Love's Martyr" here. Another version of the play was presented at the Third Avenue Theatre last year by Miss Bertha Welby and last week Miss Clara Morris produced it at the Grand Opera-House as "Renée." So that Mr. Palmer is third in the New York field, though his splendid stock company will unthough his splendid stock company will un-doubtedly place him first in point of excel-

The artless gossips who wagged their tongues about difficulties supposed to exist between Mrs. James Brown Potter and her husband must be taken aback by the devotion husband must be taken aback by the devotion she has shown that gentleman since her return to America. When not at rehearsal or attending to stage details, Mrs. Potter is constantly with her husband. The reason of his visit to England was simply to try and prevail upon her to abandon the stage. But the fact that he was unsuccessful had no further result. Managers—the most superstitious beings on the face of the earth—feel pretty was that Mrs. Potter will succeed from the sure that Mrs. Potter will, succeed from the fact that a new star is said to arise every five years. It is now that time since Mrs. Langtry scored her first success.

It is not generally known that Tom Whiffen has returned to his mutton in this country. Mr. Whiffen was at one time leading comedian in the Madison Square Theatre. He was also the Admiral in the Standard Theatre version of "Pinafore." Mr. Whiffen has been in England for the last two years.

For the last three or four days any one who For the last three or four days any one who rode up Broadway in a surface car between moon and 1 o'clock might have seen a gentleman poring over a blue-bound copy of Rider Haggard's "She." About every five minutes the gentleman would rise in his seat, beads of perspiration would stand on his brow, and it is perfectly certain that in his excitement he would have run his fingers through his hair

if he had possessed any. The gentleman was Charles MacGeachy, who has charge of the production of "She" at Niblo's. Mr. MacGeachy has read the book sixteen times, and finds a new difficulty whenever he glances at it. Yesterday in his fervor he declared that nobody could appreciate the veritable problems that Rider Haggard put forth.

On the Play Bills This Evening. Bunnell's Museum is still open.
'The Henrietta" still continues to be an admirable investment.

"The Eagle's Nest" will be seen at the Third Avenue Theatre to-night. "As in a Looking Glass" is still the attraction at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Thatcher, Primrose and West will be at the Grand Opera-House to-night.

"A Dark Secret" will begin its sixth week at the Academy of Music to-night. Heinrich Boetel, the tenor, sings in "Il Trova-tore" at the Thalis Theatre to-night. "Caste," with Henry E. Abbey's powerful com-pany, will be given at Wallack's to-night. The shapely damsels in "Conrad the Corsair" may still be seen at the Bijou Opera-House. "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" is the title of piece to be seen at Poole's Theatre this week.

"The Great Pink Pearl" and "Editha's Bur-glar" at the Lyceum Theatre will be shortly with-drawn. "Rudolph" will open Manager Rosenquest's regular season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre to-night.

Joseph Jefferson and Mrs. Drew will continue their admirable work in "The Rivals" at the Star Theatre this week.

Teresina Tua, the violinist, can be heard at Chickering Hail to-night, assisted by Max Hein-rich, basso, and Robert Goldbeck, pianist.

"The Coarse Hair, or The Northerland Sisters' and "Arabian Nights, or Fun in the Old Home stead" will be the vehicle for amusement at Dock

CARDS FOR DINNER PARTIES. New Occupation for Artists Which Has Lately Sprung Up.

fancies of the past one or two seasons has been the furnishing ties, which are in-tended to serve as Opleasing mementoes of

the occasion. Somevery important social occasions, those souvenirs are very elaborate, and it was regarded as very swell when they consisted of hand-painted palettes, menus and the like.

The manufacture of cards for this purpose

The manufacture of cards for this purpose has now become a regular trade, and they are frequently so elaborate and tasteful in design and so neat in execution that they will answer for occasions for which in former seasons it was necessary to prepare a full set of cards to order. Another thing, they can be obtained at a very reasonable price, and thus a considerable obstacle in the

form of expense is overcome.

They are not made by machine or printing process, but the illustration which the heavy cardboard bears is drawn by a skilful artist either in pen and ink, representing some humorous or comical portrait or scene, or in delicate water-colors, representing a little landscape. No two of these are made alike now by the best manufacturers, for it is not difficult for a skilful artist to vary them is not dimediately for a skilful artist to vary them indefinitely, but when they come into general use it is not improbable that very cheap assortments will be placed on the market, and, in order to make these, lithographing and printing will have to be called into requisition.

AROUND THE HOFFMAN HOUSE TICKER.

"Billy" Deutche, watching oil. Howard Perry, keeping an eye on the races. Col. Tom Ochiltree, amply posted on pools.

"Larry" Jerome, closely attentive to Van-derbilt stocks. Julian Nathan, looking for points on Reading and Northwest. Col. Bob Ingersoll, in search of miscella-neous and useful information.

"Ed" Stokes, glancing mechanically at the tape, but obviously thinking of something else.

Stephen B. Elkins, intensely interested in quotations for a man who says he isn't spec-ulating.

Howard Carroll, wondering whether confiding "tips" of the night before will be verified.

Howard Carroll, wondering whether conding "tips" of the night before will be verified.

Heartless.

| Heartless. |
| From Texas S(Nings.] |
| Actor's Wife—Why so depressed, Claude? What has come over you?
| Claude—I am cast for a part that is unworthy of me. Still, if I decline it I am liable to be disharded. I really do not know how to act under the circumstances. has come over you?

me. Still, if I decline it I am liable to be discharged. I really do not know how to act under the circumstances.
Wife—Well, Claude, you don't know how to act under any circumstances; so don't let that distress

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

"What did you marry my son fort" flercely demanded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his run-a-way scapegrace in the holy bonds. bonds.
... Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the dominie,
... to be charged to you."

A Western Delivery. (From Harper's Baser.)
Customer (to Nevada hotel proprietor)—What

have you got in the way of game, landlord?

Landlord (rubbing his hands appetizingly)—Well, sir, I can get you up a couple of nice grasshoppers on toast.

nestly. "Do you think, dear, that I would wish to part you, if. Honor, you would consent to be my wife? You should not be parted from him—he should not lose a daughter, if he would let it be so; he should gain a

responded.

The detective turned to him eagerly.

ALL-NIGHT FRUIT STANDS.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING. as Better than the Sad Italian Faces would Suggest. RUNNER CARTER'S CASE MAY NOT BE DE-

CIDED TO-NIGHT.

The American Athletic Club's Moonlight Runs

Chance for Gentlemanly Sparrers.

-Championship Medals to be Ready by Thursday-Acton and the Strangler to

Sprinter George's Marriage-A

Athletic Club will hold

the first of its series of

moonlight road runs

from the Polo grounds.

starting at 8 P. M. The

boys will run to Mo-

Comb's Dam bridge

and return. After the

will be served.

It is not likely that the Carter case will be

lecided at a meeting of the National Associ-

ation of Amateur Athletes to-night as an-

nounced. On account of some delay regard-

evidence in the case was handed in to Chair-

The medals awarded for the championship events contested on Sept. 17 will be ready probably by Thursday. The special medals for broken records are included in the list. The record medals are of solid gold set with diamonds and are for Manhattan man Al Copeland's 220-yard hurdle race, Ray, the Ulverstone (England) cricketer's pole vault, and Carter, the New York Athletic Club member's, five-mile run. Carter's medal

member's, five-mile run. Carter's medal witl, of course, be held pending the result of the investigation as to his amateur standing.

The imported stallion Rossington, now at

the imported stands hoseigness, he was to the American Horse Exchange, is a large and powerful chestnut, with white streaks down the face and two white stockings behind. He is of the best blood in England.

Parson Davis, of Chicago, has written to Billy Edwards in regard to a match between Evan Lewis, "The Strangler," and Joe Acton, the famous demon of Lancashire, who is now in Philadelphia, taking place in New York. The contest will probably come off in December, and is to be for \$1,000 a side.

Sporting men are just as bad as any other

HE swarthy and mel-AL. ancholy individuals who silently dispense fruit from hand-carts seem to have no just cause for sorrow so far as their hours are concerned. A reporter of THE EVENING WORLD who made inquiries on the subject came away

with an idea that they began business about 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning and wheeled away their push-carts at 6 or 7 in the evenng. During the rest of the time, he was further informed, they were at leisure to improve their minds. There is not much night trade done. At

speedy run the upper part of Seventh avenue There is not much night trade done. At only a few stands in the city can the sallow Italian proprietors be seen sitting on a box all night as well as most of the day. One of these is in Park row near the Bridge. The Italian who keeps it has had it for six years. He is around so much that at one time a rumor prevailed that he took what sleep he felt in need of on the instalment plan inside his stand. He has a larger trade at night from passers by than one would imagine.

"How do you manage to keep open all the time?" the reporter saked him.

"My brozer an' me—he help-ame," was the reply. "One at night a, ze ozzar in ze day."

"Do you sell much after midnight?"

"Two, three, four, sometime six dollar," will allow, the club members will appreci-ate the shower-baths and rub-downson their return just as much as the collation which

"Do you sell much after midnight?"
"Two, three, four, sometime six dollar,"
the Italian answered, in his short way, with a
new gesture and tone for each word. When
he said "six dollar" he shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows, as if admitting ing the stenographic work no report of the man Bishop until last Thursday, and there that it was surprising and yet was true. In winter he calls in the fruit and roasts chestwill be no Association meeting till the committee meets and makes up its report. The sub-committee will meet to-night at the Grand Union.

nuts.
These fruit venders live in cheap tenement houses on the east or west sides. The work is not hard, and those who stop selling at 8 and begin only at 9 have plenty of leisure, Park row and the open space in front of the Post-Office are the most desirable places in

THE OFFICERS NOT RESPONSIBLE.

Means Adopted to Prevent Cheating Among Ships' Stewards.

When a Covernment bost or merchantman comes to port, or goes into commission, notice is inserted in the papers that the ward room officers are not responsible for bills which the steward may contract. This handi-

caps the steward if he is disposed to pocket the money for provisions.

A steward's pay on a man-of-war is \$45 a month. The captain has his own steward and cook, and the commissioned officers have theirs. The steward sallies forth at 5 o'clock theirs. The steward sallies forth at 5 o'clock every morning to get meat and vegetables for the day. According to the number in the ward room, he gets from \$15 to \$40 for paying the bills, and he has to bring the receipts home with him. But he can bring home bogus receipts, and pocket the money, leaving for parts unknown when he has accumulated three or four hundred dollars. So this notice is put in the papers to block him off from devious courses. One of the Manhattan Athletic Club's members told The Evening World sportingman the other night that the Cherry Diamond Association intended giving indoor lawntennis championship meetings, with athletic games thrown in, this winter. He was much chagrined when a by-stander said: "Why, that is what your rivals are doing. It was in The Evening World a week ago that the New Yorks will give a big indoor meeting in Madison Square Garden in November and a lawn-tennis tournament the same afternoon.

So this notice is put in the papers to block him off from devious courses.

Many of the servants on the Government vessels, are Japanese. The steward of the Nipsic which went into commission lately, is a subject of the Mikado.

There is not the same opportunity in the sailors' rooms. Government contracts are drawn up, in which the quantity and expenditure for provisions is all agreed on for a certain period. So the buyer in this department does not have to pay for the stores when he gets them, and he can work in no irregular business with cash. A steward may have been with a ship six or seven years and his honesty thoroughly proven, but the notice is inserted all the same in the papers.

POLICEMEN'S FANCIES.

Sporting men are just as bad as any other class in sticking to a locality even after they know there isn't much of a living in it. If some of the boxers and wrestlers who hang around the half-closed Metropolitan resorts and hope for soft snaps of teaching or boxing for purses would go to some of the out-of-town colleges or gymnasiums they could make money, get out of their irregular habits and come back fit to train for a battle with men of their weight. The trouble with almost every sparrer is that he wants everybody to know he is a boxer. People in provincial cities don't fancy taking lessons from teachers of that kind, but a capable, gentlemanly sparrer can earn lots of money, make hosts of friends and gain respect; sparring in dives for \$2.50 a night will never pay him, if he hunts up teaching engagements, behaves like a gentleman and sticks to it. Inspector Steers has a mania for postage stamps, and owns a large collection. The widow of the late Detective-Sergt. Haley will receive an annual pension of \$300.

Sergt. Detective Bird has returned from his vacation, bronzed and in exuberance of spirits for hard work.

Supt. Murray is a collector of rare bric-a-rac, his pet piece being a genuine Govern-ment approved Sevres vase. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, calls fre-quently upon Inspector Byrnes to compare notes about forthcoming novels filled with

olever detective work. Inspector Williams is the fortunate owner

Westchester County and Long Island. Economy is wealth with him.

Sergt. Holcombe. of the House of Detention, is a bibliophile, and has a rare and valuable collection of Testaments representing the various translations of centuries.

The Situation Was Desperate [From the Binghamton Republican.]

Coal office clerk—The paper this morning does
not state whether the weather will be warm or

cold to-day.

Dealer—Then, for Heaven's sake, telegraph to Washington for it immediately! How are we to know whether to raise or lower the price? No Wonder.

[From the Fonkers Susetts.]
The granger who took in a cheque On a bank that had all gone to wreeque Was so whelmed with chagrin
That his barn he went in
And he hung himself up by the necque. BIRDS KILLED BY HUNDREDS.

DASHING OUT THEIR LIVES AGAINST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Blinded by the Clare of the Electric Lamps They Fly at the Torch on Dark and Stormy Nights-A Record of Their Death Made and Their Bedies Sent to Scientific Institutions-Wanted by City Milliners.



blessing by the feathered tribe. At least that is the supposition, if any confidence is to be placed in the statisties which have been from time to time collected, showing the number of birds which nightly kill themselves dazzling glare of the

place, either on the balcony, which seems to place, either on the balcony, which seems to be a favorite suicidal resort, or on the flat surface of the pedestal underneath, doubtless where they fall in their dying efforts to escape some unknown, horrible and mysterious fate. This has been the experience ever since the lights have been put in, and very frequently the slaughter has been excessive.

One night a few weeks ago, when a violent storm prevailed, thousands of birds were dashed in their flight against the status. How many were blown over into the harbor after they had received their death-blow is not known, but in the morning more than thirteen hundred dead bodies were found scattered all over the island, from the balcony down, while the base of the pedestal was thickly strewn with victims.

As may be imagined Col. Tassin, who is in command at Liberty Island, has been at some trouble to find out what to do with his nightly feathered manna. The question has been solved at last by putting the Statue of Liberty under the same category as all the other light houses along the coast, so far as making reports of all stranded birds are concerned, and relieving the Colonel of all responsibility to milliners and proprietors of fancy stores if he neglects to respond to their importunate notes for feathered supplies, for which they are not at all averse to paying a fair sum.

"Well, what does become of the birds now. se a favorite suicidal resort, or on the flat

air sum.

Well, what does become of the birds now

character of the weather and general remarks, which in the course of six quenths or so will make a very interesting record."

"Of course the birds are prepared before you send them away?"

"Certainly, they are put in proper condition by a skilful taxidermist, aithough they are not absolutely prepared for mounting. I never send a batch of birds anywhere until I get a lot, 200 or more. These I send to the Smithsonian and Washington National Museums and other scientific institutions in this State and in New England. Any institution is glad to get these specimens to add to its collection, and it is certainly better than pandering to a deprayed whim of fashion by selling them to milliners for bonnet decorations. And besides the specimens themselves are often of such rarity that they may be regarded as genuine curiosities. The fact that they are appreciated is shown by the fact that I have received many letters both from Washington officers and the heads of scientific institutions thanking me for what I have already done in the matter."

"How does the status rank in your experience as a bird-killing light?"

"From what I have seen during the past

month I should say that it was a more destructive light in this respect than any other light in the country. Certainly last month's record has been unusually heavy. It is often easy to tell beforehand what sort of a crop of birds may be expected the next morming by observing the character of the weather. If the atmosphere is thick and muggy or it is very dark you can always expect a pretty large sprinking, but on clear, bright nights the number of unfortunates is comparatively small. Just at this season of the year also we are more apt to gather full crops than at any other season, because the birds are now migrating. Many of them travel in the night. Some of them always do, and it is the blinding glare of the electric lamps that bewilders the birds as they pass by and causes them to swerve against the torch or head of Liberty in their flight. However, there are occasions when no rules seem to work, and there has been known to be a great slaughter on a bright night if a big migrating flock happens to pass over the island in the night."

"Is there any uniformity in the species of those birds?"

"Yes, to a large extent. Almost all the birds we pick up belong to three or four different kinds. The commonest species which we find is a bird which resembles a wren. I haven't yet excertained the scientific name, and I only say it looks like a wren because I am pretty certain it is not one. However, I will be able to satisfy your curiosity before long. Then there is the rall, which is occasionally slaughtered in large numbers; the cat-bird, blackbird, and several kinds of night-birds, including the whippoorwills."

month I should say that it was a more de-structive light in this respect than any other light in the country. Certainly last month's

SHE GAVE UP HER SEAT.

Very Common Clay

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon in

Twenty-third street, all these men who still

Twenty-third street, all these men who still remained on the car were standing, their seats having been resigned to ladies who had entered. These seats had been taken by the ladies as a matter of course, and without a "Thank you" or the faintest evidence of a favor bestowed.

At Twenty-third street a tired-looking workingman boarded the car, weak with the day's toil and cast his eyes about for a seat on which to rest his weary frame. None was to be had.

which to rest his weary frame. None was to be had.

What an opportunity was this for one of the finely dressed ladies, so comfortably ensconced on the cushioned seat, to make herself a heroine in the eyes of the occupants of the car. It did not seem possible that one would do it, but a fashionably attired dame, who had so completely settled herself into a seat, made vacant by an Evening World reporter at Fourteenth street, without even a look of thanks, rose to her feet.

The lady signalled, and the reporter and the laboringman each gave its meaning the same interpretation and the latter thankfully took the seat thus vacant. The conductor, however, knew better than this. He rang the bell over the driver's head, the car came to a full stop on the upper crossing at Twenty-fourth street, and the lady alighted. The heroine had reached her destination.

Where They Have Gone.

The papers in the Pan-Electric lawsuit seem to

AMUSEMENTS.

TO-MORROW!!!

CHARLES DICKENS

FROM HIS FATHER'S WORKS

AT CHICKERING HALL, TUESDAY, OCT. 25, AT 8 P. M.

Tickets, with Reserved Scats, 75c., \$1 and \$1.50. Now on sale at Chickering Hall,

Now on sale at Uhickering Hall.

DEN MUSER. 23D ST., BET. 5TH 4 6TH AVES.
OFEN FROM II TO II. SUNDAY, I to II.
New Groups. New Pictures. New Attractional
OFEN FROM II TO II. SUNDAY, I to III.
New Groups. New Pictures. New Attractional
OFEN SEURS (Two Sisters).
Concerts daily from I to 5 and 8 to II. by
AND PRINCE PAUL ESTREHARY'S ORCHESTRAY
Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c.
AMES, the mystifying chees antomatem.
SPEAL EST, the mystifying chees antomatem.
SPEAL SOTICE.—From Oct. 27 to Nov. 2 S
GREAT FLOWER SHOW will be held by A. LE
MOULT at the EDEN MUSER. There will be no said
vance in the usual prices of admission.

DOCKSTADER'S. THE COARSE HAIR:

Or, THE NORTHERLAND SISTERS.
Or, FOR ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
NEW HABYLON. CLEVELAND'S TRIP.
renings, 8.30. Baturday Matines, 1.30.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE J. M. HILL, Mass
SUCCESS BEYOND PARALLEL.
The Comedian.
ROBSON & URANG.
In Broman Howards great Comedy.

THE HENRIETTA

Svenings at S. 15; Sat. Matines at 2. Carriages at 10.4

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TWO MORE TUA RECYTALS.

THIS (MONDAY EVENING OCT. 4s. to.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING Cet. 26, at 5.

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WALLACK'S.

MONDAY SVENING—First time in this thesis of Robertson's Beautiful Comseq.

GASTE.

Character by Measare, Cumond Tearle, B.

Character by Measare, Cumond Tearle, B.

Character by Measare, Common Measurement of Measare, Common Measare, Common Measurement of Measare, Common Measurement of Measare, Common M

POOLES THEATRE,

MR. T. W. ROBERTSON.

POOLES THEATRE,

Mh st. between 4th are, and Broadway.

Prices-10c, 20c.

Hesserved Scate-30c.

REATHURS

GREAT

MORAL DRAMA,

Matthews—Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Schurday.

Next week—Wallack's Theatre, IN HIS POWER.

THAVE THEATRE

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THEATRE.

LAST SIX MIGHTS. Matines Saturday.

MR-, LANGTRY.

accompanied by MAURICE EARRYMORE and had own company in her grand production.

AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

"." Naxt week—Mrs. Potter

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

MAT: THATCHER, PRIMROSE & WEST-AA-

NEXT WEEK A BUNCH OF KEYS.

Next Sunday, Prof. Oronawell's New Lecture.

IRELAND AS SHEN BY AMERICAN EYES

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 16th st. and fiving place of WERR. Rventings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. Elaborate production of the latest London Malestrams.

A DARK SECRET.

Reserved seats, 55c., 75c., 81. Vamily circle, 25c.

STAR THEATRE, Saturday Maintees at 2.

As BOB AORES in THE RIVALS.

Supported by an excellent company.

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STAR THEATRE,

MR. HENRY IRVINO,

MISS ELLON TERRY

and the LYOEUN COMPANY in

PAUST.

BLIOU OPERA ROUSE SECOND WREE,

Evenings at S. Mats. Wed. and Sat. et al.

RICE'N BURLSAGUE COMPANY

In a Grand Production of the Speciaguag Springgragua,

CORSAIR.

BUNNELL'S 728-30 BROADWAY. Admission, 25a.
LONDON Boared Hairy Family. Continuous MUSEUM. The Greatest Show. Noon till IP. M.

have gone to keep Mr. Garland's character co

Broadway car. The few occupants of the yellow conveyance at Chambers street were men, but by the time that it had reached

Street-Car Hereine Who Proved to its

HOMES OF PROMINENT STAGE FOLK.

Mr. Pigott rooms at the Lotos Club. Bronson Howard stops at the Barrett. "Bob" Hilliard lodges at the Gedney. Annie Robe occupies a flat in the Gorham Miss Ada Rehan lives in a flat on Sixth

Marshall P. Wilder entertains his friends Pauline Hall resides in a flat on West Thir-ty-ninth street.

Manager Hooley, of Chicago, always stops at the Glenham.

Augustin Daly lives in West Fiftieth street, near Fifth avenue. Manager Edward Gilmore and wife are stopping at the Brunswick. Frank Mayo and family have a flat in the annex of the Westminster Hotel.

Osmond Tearle and wife (Minnie Conway) have apartments in Third avenue. Bijou Heron and her husband (H. J. Miller) occupy a flat on West Thirty-seventh

Francis Wilson occupies a flat on West Fifty-sixth street, and devotes himself to his two babies. Messrs. Robson and Crane alwas stop at the St. James. Both of them have homes at Co-hasset, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence have a suit of rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, though Mr. Florence owns a residence on Park avenue.

"EVENING WORLD" ECHOES,

Wants to Cook a Rarebit at Home.

Editor of The Evening World.

Will any of your readers be kind enough to tell
me how to cook a Welah rarebit at home that is fit o est. I am tired of having my husband take friends who come to see him out to a neighboring New York, Oct. 22.

Editor of The Evening World, What is the salary of Edward I. Pheips, of Vermont, for representing this country in England ?

It was Sold for \$7,050. Editor of The Evening World:
Will you tell me how much the old war ship Con

He Gets \$17,500 a Year.

gress, which was recently sold, brought? A. L. B. New York, Oct. 22.

It Shocked Her. (From the San Francisco Post.)
"Why do you wear glasses—your eyes are all right ?" asked a Berkeley youth of a modest co-ed. "Sir, do you think I would expose my naked

eyes to the public gaze f" replied the young lady with a blush of indignation that made her face like an autumn sunset, painted red. Daintles of the Market. Prime rib roast, 160, to 20s. Lobblers, 10c.
Purterhouse steak, 22s. to
26c.
Sirioin steak, 15c. to 20c.
Lamb chops, 26c.
Lamb chops, 26c.
Lamb hind trees, 25 to 18s.
Val. cullets, 25c.
Val. cullets, 25c.
Lamb hind trees, 25 to 18s.
Val. cullets, 25c.
Lamb hind trees, 25 to 18s.
Lamb chops, 26c.
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Lamb chops, 26c.
Lamb hind trees, 25 to 18s.
Lamb chops, 26c.
Lamb chops Spanish maskersi, 200.

Spanish maskersi, 500.

Smalts, 180.

Spring chicken, 21 pair.

Rosst ohicken, 200. ib.

Dry-picked turkeys, 180. to

Spanis, 22 to 83 dosen, 180.

Gesse, 200.

Ducks, 180.

Canvas-backs, 23.50 pair.

Grouse, 21.35 pair.

Grouse, 21.35 pair.

Grouse, 21.35 pair.

Grouse, 21.45 pair.

Grouse, Choice dry-picked apring 18c.
Squabs, \$2 to \$3 dosen, Gresse, 20c.
Quaks, 18c.
Quaks, 18c. Pumpkins, 20c.
Mashroome, 20c. half-peek.
Canliffswers, 15c. to 25c.
Lettuce, 5c. head.
Granberries, 15c. po 25c.
Horsersdab, 10c. poot.
Spanish enicus, 4 for 25c.
Sweet postaces, 20c. half
peek.
Lina beans, 20c. quark,
Egg planta, 10c.

"Good Counsel is Above All Price." Advise all your friends to smoke our new brands—WHITE-CAPE, "CROSS-COUNTRY" and "LATEST ENGLISE". A extra fine. KINNEY TORACCO CO., Now York. 14 TH STREET THRATRE. Our. 6th area (SEO. F. K. 16 HT. is Bronson Howards and David Belassor's great comedy-drama, RUDOLPH. THALLA-TO-NIGHT, BOETEL, TROUBADOUR, to-morrow, Junkermann, Brassig; Wednesday, Friday, Bostel, Martha.

dation.

"I am not angry," she said softly, "but had not expected this."

"But, Mary, surely you knew that I loved you; I have hot tried to keep it secret, and when people love it is but natural to tall it. Do you love me a little, Mary?"

He let go of her for an instant, and lifting her face look into her eyes.

"Tell me sweet," he said.

"Must I?" she answered, sweetly, shyly, "I shall never say must to you," he returned, "but, Mary, love, it will please me if you could."

She looked above at the bright unsenti-

HE big statue down on Liberty Island is hardly appreciated as a

11, by dashing out their weak brains against Miss Liberty's bronze torch, attracted by the electric lamps which surround it. It is very seldom that a night passes during the summer or fall when a dozen or more birds at least are not picked up by the men of the

fair sum.

"Well, what does become of the birds now, any way?" inquired a reporter of Col. Tassin. They simply go the way of all birds that sacrifice their lives to a morbid curiosity in this way, and find their way into the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This has been done for not more than a month."

"How is that?"

"Because on the evening that we had that big slaughter here about a month ago I, of course, heard about it, but when I came to look for the birds I could not find one of them. Then it came to my knewledge for the first time that the officials on the island were selling the skins of the birds to milliners in town as perquisites."

"Did you not think this proper?"

"Certainly not, because the birds were public property, and I determined to find out what the correct method of disposition was. So I went to Washington and studied up on the Government system of records such as is applied to the Light-House Department, and after I had it well under way I introduced it on Liberty Island. It has now been in operation for nearly a month, and so far as I know works with great success, and has resulted in no bickerings or Ill-feeling over the deprivation of this source of revenue."

"In what way is this record kept?"

revenue."
"In what way is this record kept?"
"It merely consists in registering each morning, in a book kept for the purpose, a description of every bird found under the statue. This includes, besides the description or name of the bird, the date, probable hour of striking, the direction and force of the wind, number striking, number killed, character of the weather and general remarks, which in the course of six months or so will make a very interesting record."

onceived a liking for him and is unwilling to betray him."
"And thinking this," the Earl said, "you believe that you will be able to get the name of the forger out of him?"
Mr. Foster sat down, then looked at the

of the forger out of him ?"

Mr. Poster sat down, then looked at the Earl smilingly.

'You must ask me no more questions," he said. 'I have told you already more than under ord'nary circumstances I tell. Wait patiently, I have not the alightest doubt but that I shall unearth my for."

However, two or three days passed, and Mr. Foster, far from troubling himself about the case, seemed simply to enjoy himself.

Honor and Arthur came to the Castle and were introduced to him, and seemed to like him greatly; but Max, having complained of feeling unwell for a day or two, had not put in an appearance. However, on the detective's telling Honor that he wished above all things to make her father's acquaintance, she gave the whole party at the Castle an invitation to come ever upon the following day.

"For my father is not so unwell that he cannot receive visitors," she said," though he does not feel sufficiently strong just now to visit them; and he will be pleased, I am sure, to welcome Mr. Foster. He has heard much of him from us."

So upon the following day the whole party from the Castle drove up to the Hollies; Max, Honor and Arthur were standing at the door to welcome them with old-fashioned hospitality. May had grown older within the last day or two, there were lines of care upon his face and around his lips, as though trouble

tality. May had grown older within the last day or two, there were lines of care upon his face and around his lips, as though trouble was a visitor to his heart. He welcomed every one warmly, Mr. Foster, being a stranger, particularly so, but he gave him a quick, searching glance, perhaps he guessed who and what he was.

The elder folks went into the house, the younger stood chatting in the garden. The same thought being in all their minds, as they asked unimportant questions and made unimportant remarks; that wish being that two would separate from the other two and leave them alone.

"There are some roses I want to show you

leave them alone.

"There are some roses I want to show you at the far end of the garden. Mary," Arthur said, at last, flashing a "come, if you dare" glance at Honor' "Will you come?"

"Gladly," she answered, looking up at him, "Will you not come, too, Honor?"

"Honor has seen them," Arthur put in,

quickly, and slipping his arm through hers he hurried her up the pathway. "We do not want them," he said, impa-Do we not?" she answered, smiling and

"Do we not?" she answered, smiling and coloring.

"Of course not," he returned, "and what is more they do not want us. Can't you see, Mary, that they are spoons on each other?"

"Booons?" she repeated, interrogatively,

"Well, sweethearts," he said. "Can't you see that they like each other; that Bruce is as fond of Honor as I am of you?"

She did not answer, and they walked on in silence. Arthur scarcely knew how to go on; to do him justice, and to his credit be it spoken, he had never "gone in" for flirtations, and now that he loved a woman and wished to tell her so, he scarcely knew what to say.

wished to tell her so, he scarcely knew what
to say.

"You have not yet shown me the roses,"
Mary said, when they reached the end of the
garden.

"There are no roses to show you in particular," he said, fretfully. "I do wish,
Mary, you would not be quite so practical;
did not you know that was only an excuse to
get you away from the others?"

"No."

"No."
"It was, then; I wanted to have you to myself, not to stand talking nonsense there."

There was another silence and a long one, which, shy girl as she was, commended itself to Mary not at all.

"Do you not think," she said, turning her head resolutely from Arthur," "that we had better talk nonsense than nothing?"

He burst out laughing, then stood etill, caught both her hands, drew her close, close to him and kissed her once, twice, many times.

to him and kissed her once, twice, many times.

"Mary, my darling," he whispered, "do you love me?"

She answered nothing, but the smile that stole over her face showed that she was not angry; perhaps she deemed it but right that he should first declare his love for her then and there, only she could not prudently answer his question.

Perchance he guessed what her thoughts might be, for leaving go of her hands he flung his arms around her.

"Bay yes, little dear," he said; "I love you so very much, Mary."

Still she said nothing, but stood perfectly

quiet with his arms around her, her head drooped and her syslids lowered.

"I dare say," he went on gloomily, "you think it great presumption of me to speak like this; I am only Arthur Stamer, with no title and no money, excepting what my uncle gives me, but if I were a king I could not love you more, Mary, and loving you, I needs must tell you so. If you are angry with me, I would rather know; any way, speak, my darling."

He was very carnest, though somewhat impatient and clumsy over his love-making, but then sincerity was his chief recommendation.

turned, "but, Mary, love, it will please me if you could."

She looked above at the bright, unsentimental sun blasing down in such ragal beauty, such glorious power, around at the almost shadowless earth, and she thought if only it had been twilight, or moonlight, she could have whispered her confession bravely, but with that great unblinking eye looking at her with all the trees and flowers listening, how could she? Arthur might have waited, she thought; in the books she had read love yows had always been whispered in the moonlight.

"You will not please me then?" he said, sadly. "You do not love me; I have been a conceited fool to think that you might."

He let her go from the loving shelter of his arms, but stood yet by her, waiting, hoping that she would speak.

"You are hasty," she said at length, growing pale; "it is not true that I do not love you; you must know that I do."

He caught her hands again, he kissed har again, laughing aloud for very gladness.

"Why would you not tell me then, my own?" he said; "why did you keep me so long in suspense?"

[Continued in Tuesdays Eventure Women.]

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BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

HIS SECRET.

[Continued from Saturday's Evening World.] W

hands from his. have heard that a wise woman will never acknowledge to a man

because I could not

that -but because I know so well that when a man has gained a woman's love, his next thought almost is marriage; and I think I

inowledge to a man that she loves him."

"Then may I love you?"

"Love me? yes; but not too well," she said, sweetly. "Not

return your loveit would not be hard, I think, Bruce, to do

thought almost is marriage; and I think I shall never marry."

"Never!" he said; "why not, Honor?"

"I am all my father has," she said, slowly;
"I am everything to him—the light, he says, of his life, as he has been of mine. I could not leave him—I have been his comfort and companion singe my mother died; we have made each other's happiness—I could never leave him alone." never should," Bruce said, car-

son, and a son's love."
"Do your people know of this?" Honor

son, and a son's love.

"Do your people know of this?" Honor my stead.

"But, Honor, must I wait, cannot you tell me that there is some little love for me already in your heart?

If not, Honor, I will try to wait patiently in the hope that it may come; but tell me, love, if it is there already?"

"You ask me to do an unwise thing," she said, withdrawing her said, withdrawing the said said a moment, then of her own

"But will you give me permission to hope?" he asked.

Bhe hesitated a moment, then of her own accord she held out her hands to him.

"Yes, hope," she said, softly, "but do not let your hopes run away with you. I must have a long, long chat with my dear father before I can say more than that, Bruce,"

"I am well content," he answered.

"Then you think you will be able to find this man?"

The Earl of Dolan was sitting by the table in his study; before the grate—in which, however, no fire burnt, it being mid-winter—with his hands clasped underneath his coat-tails, after the fashion of the English, stood another man. He smiled at the question, but did not grow communicative all at once.

tion, but did not grow communicative all at once.

"I shall do my best," he answered.

"Yes, yes, that is of course," the Earl said, fretfully, "but have you a clue?"

The detective—for that was what he was, though by birth and education he was almost the Earl's equal, being the son of a younger son of a duke—laughed softly.

"I thought outsiders professed to look upon a clue as a very insignificant thing," he said; "it is what the papers always make a joke of; still, as you ask, I do not mind telling you that I have a clue."

"May I know it?"

"If you will promise to keep it to yourself, you may: though to you it will seem but a small thing."

"I will keep it to myself assuredly." the Earl answered; "it is to my interests to keep it to myself. I am more than anxious that this man should be brought to justice."

"My clue is here!" he said, with a calm

see the champion finish the most important match of his life."

After Hours.

(From Texas Siftings.)
Blind Man—Do you know that man going down

Deaf-and-Dumb Man—Slightly, just merely to speak to. Do you know him? Blind Man—Not personally—only by sight.

Don't Fall

Den't Fall

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in the house, and to take a dose once in a while. As longas our streets are in this terrible condition YOU MEED IT.
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the street ?

triumph.

He put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, drew out a little, white, square-folded paper, unfolded it carefully—the Earl watching—and disclosed a curl of golden hair tied with blue silk; on the paper was written:

Out from my darling's head as she lay in her comn, May 16, 1870. God's will be done.

The Earl drew back, looking shocked and

coffin, May 16, 1870. God's will be done.

The Earl drew back, looking shocked and sorry.

"How can that, which must be a sacred relic, be a clue?" he asked.

The detective rolled it up carefully, and put it back in his pocket.

"That was found dropped down by the connter in the bank, on the day that the forged check was presented," he said. "So far as has been in my power, I have ascertained the name of every person who either paid money in or drew it out upon that day. I have personally visited them all. I have shown them the look of hair, and if I am any judge of expression it belonged to none of them. Of course the culprit naturally would have said it did not belong to him had I happened to come across him, but I would stake my personal reputation that I did not. What I believe I now have to find is, to whom that lock of hair does belong, and that person lost probably their wife a little before May 15."

"It seems but a small clue," the Earl said. "Out of small things great things grow," the detective said, wisely. "I have made out to-day a list of those who have suffered through these frauds; the Earl of Wentlin is the largest sufferer by far, Max Selwyn the smallest by far. He has been let off cheaply, indeed, which makes me think either that the forger has met him and associated with him as a friend, of course quite unknown to Mr. Selwyn, or else that he is a great admirer of his books. Anyway I should much like to meet this Mr. Selwyn; if my first surmise is correct he might be able to help us."

"He might, but he would not," the Earl responded.

The detective turned to him eagerly.

"You know him then?"

"Intimately, he is our nearest and dearest neighbor; you will have ample opportunities of seeing him, but he will give you no assistance, I am sure."

The detective was silent for a little while, thinking deeply.

"Then, as a favor to me," he said, at last, "do not introduce me to him except as a friend; you need not mind doing that. You can easily mention my great-grandfather, the Duke, and I will go my own way about getting what I can out of Mr. Selwyn. Please also caution the Countess and your son and daughter."

"Certainly I will do so if you think it necessary," the Earl said, a little unwillingly, "But I should really be glad if you would not trouble Mr. Selwyn about the matter. You and I, Mr. Foster, are ordinary mortale, and to do our best to catch one who has broken the law and swindled another seems but natural. Mr. Selwyn is an author, and authors I believe, in fact I have always found, have curious, highly-strung natures; it is extremely distasteful, I know, to Mr. Selwyn to give any pain or trouble to a human creature, even in the administration of justice."

Mr. Foster—for such was the detective's name, there being, however, an honorable prefix to it, which he had dropped—was name, there being however, an honorable prefix to it, which he had dropped—was silent for a time. He took the paper containing the lock of hair from his pocket, locked at it meditatively, then returned it to

laining the lock of hair from his pocket, looked at it meditatively, then returned it to its hiding-place again.

"I will do my best not to hurt Mr. Selwyn's feelings," he said. "He is a married man, I suppose?"

"Yes; his wife has long been dead now," the Earl said. "He has living with him at the Hollies a daughter, a nephew and a cousin, all most charming people. You will be sure to see them here.

"How old is his daughter?"

"About seventeen, I think; you seem very much interested in the family, Mr. Foster."

"I am," he returned, "and I think naturally. From what you have told me I cannot help thinking, though it will probably shock you to hear it, that Mr. Selwyn has been intimate with this forger; he has lost money through him, it is true, but still a smaller sum than any other. Probably he has guessed whom the man is, but during the time of their companionship and friendship